

TERROR



NO. 45
JAN.



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TALES

FROM THE

CRYPT

®

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH

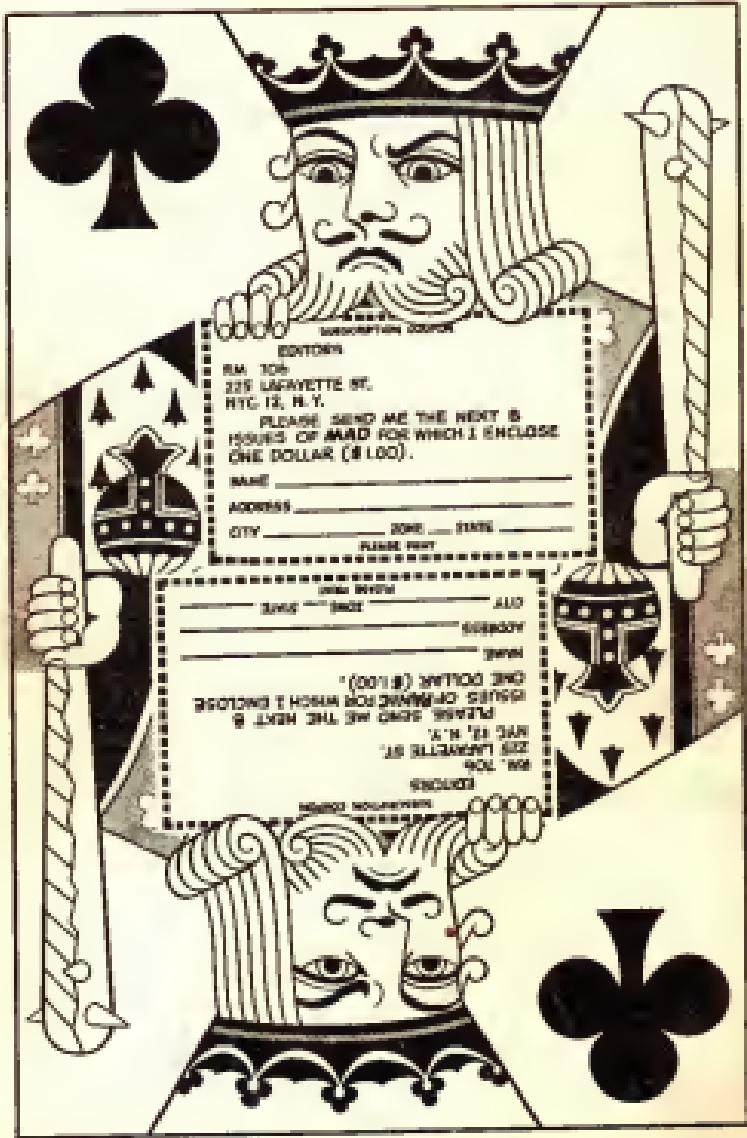


THE VAULT-KEEPER



THOMAS DAVIS

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! MERRAGE, ANYONE? FINEY! YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT CREEP-COURT, CAUSE THAT'S MY BACKET! AH, YOUR OLD CRYPT-KEEPER IS JUST FLOWING WITH JADEY TODAY. HOW ABOUT SINGIN' FOR A BIDET? I'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY. READY? THEN WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, I'LL START OFF MY MORBID MAG WITH AN ISLE OF ISLAND STORY OF A STARVING SAILOR AND A RAVENOUS RAT. I CALL THIS RIDICULOUSLY HORRIBLE HUNK OF HISTORY...

TELESCOPE



THE S.S. BRAMWELL WAS NO MATCH FOR THE VIOLENT SOUTH SEA TOWERS. THE MIGHTY WIND HURLED HER UPON A REEF AND SHE FOUNDERED IN EIGHT BATHS OF JADEY BLUE. SOON, THE STORM WAS SPENT, THE SHIP GONE, AND THERE REMAINED BUT ONE HUMAN SURVIVOR...A SEAMAN...ERIC WILFORD. HE CLUNG DESPERATELY TO A FLOATING PLANK TILL IT REACHED THE SHALLOWS OFF A SMALL ISLAND ISLE. THEN, Helpless, he crawled to the sandy shore...



BUT ERIC WAS NOT THE ONLY SURVIVOR. A RAT, HALF-BROWNED AND FRIGHTENED, HAD CLUNG TO THE OTHER END OF THE SAME PLANK, AND NOW IT, TOO, STRUGGLED ASHORE.



THE RAT AND THE MAN WERE THE ONLY LIFE ON THIS DESERT ISLE. NOT A TREE... NOT A PLANT... NOT A BLADE OF GRASS GROW ON THIS BARREN CORAL ROCK. IT WAS FIVE ACRES OF HELL...



FOR A LONG TIME, ERIC LAY IN THE BLISTERING SUN, EXHAUSTED. THEN, FEELING A TERRIBLE THIRST, HE SOUGHT OUT AND FOUND A SMALL PUDDLE LEFT BY THE STORM IN A SHALLOW DEPRESSION ON TOP OF A CORAL ROCK. HE DRANK NEEDLESSLY...



WHEN HE HAD SLAKED HIS THIRST, ERIC LOOKED UP SUDDENLY, SENSING THAT HE WAS BEING WATCHED. HE STARTED, HIS THROAT CHOKED WITH A RISING SORRY. THE GREAT GREY SHIP'S RAT WAS WATCHING HIM WITH ITS BEAUTY GLITTERING EYES...



ERIC BACKED AWAY. THE RAT SCURRIED FORWARD TO THE TINY POOL AND DRANK. ERIC'S FACE WENT WET WITH DISGUST...



THE CASTAWAYS... THE MAN AND THE RAT... KEPT SOME DISTANCE APART. AND YET, THEY SHARED A COMMON LONELINESS. EACH FOUND AT LEAST A LITTLE COMFORT IN SEEING THE OTHER NEAR...



THOROUGHLY EXHAUSTED, BOTH SPENT THE NIGHT THROUGH. IT WASN'T UNTIL THEY AWOKE THE FOLLOWING MORNING THAT THEY FELT THE FIRST SHARP PANGS OF HUNGER. ERIC SEARCHED THE ENTIRE BEACH...



THE RAT, TOO, SNIFDED EVERY INCH OF THE ISLAND BUT FOUND NOTHING TO SATISFY ITS GROWING APPETITE. SOON, THE MAN AND THE RAT FACED EACH OTHER WITH A DIFFERENT LOOK IN THEIR EYES, A HUNGRY LOOK...



IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT THAT BATHED THE ISLAND, ERIC SAW THE RAT, TEN FEET AWAY... STARING AT HIM. STARING GREEDILY. HE SHOCKED...

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU FLEA-HOGG VERMIN!



THE DUSK-GREY ROBOTT DREW BACK ITS LIFE IN A FIERCE SNARL. THE GASTRONAUT SHAMAN HURLED A HANDFUL OF SAND AT IT...



THAT DAY, HUNGER SHAKED AT THE SURVIVORS' INNARDS, AND WHEN NIGHT CAME AGAIN, ERIC SLEPT RESTLESSLY. SUDDENLY, HE SAT UP WITH A START...

SOMETHING'S AGAIN ME... WATCHING ME...

THE NEXT MORNING ERIC SAW HIS SOLE LIVING COMPANION SLUTTING ITSELF ON DRY SEAWeed THAT HAD BEEN WASHED ABOARD. THE SHAMAN SWALLOWED A MOUTHFUL, THEN, HE AND THE RAT INCONCERNED THE FOAL NESS AT THE SAME TIME...

OOOOH! I... CHOKED. I COULD NEVER KEEP THAT SLIME DOWN.



ERIC'S MOUTH AND THROAT WERE DRIER THAN EVER NOW. HIS LIPS WERE FOLCHED AND CRACKED, HIS HUNGER PAINED HIM. IT WAS LATER THAT SAME MORNING THAT SEVERAL OUT-RIGGER BOATS APPEARED OFFSHORE, MANNED BY NATIVES FISHING WITH NETS. ERIC SHOUTED HOARSELY AT THEM AND WAVED HIS ARMS.



THERE WAS A SUDDEN FLURRY OF EXCITEMENT AMONG THE NATIVE FISHERMEN... MUCH CHATTERING AND POINTING AT THE LONELY FIGURE ON THE BEACH...



WITH HORROR IN THEIR EYES FOR "THE ISLAND DEVIL" THEY FEVERISHLY RAULED IN THEIR BETS...



...AND PADDLED SHIFTLY AWAY, LEAVING ERIC WITH NOTHING BEFORE HIM BUT THE BROAD EXPANSE OF TORQUISE SEA. NUMB WITH DISAPPOINTMENT, HE RAN TO THE SAND...



FINALLY, HIS THIRST COMPELLING HIM, ERIC CRAWLED BACK TO THE CORAL ROCK TO DRINK FROM THE TINY POOL, NO LONGER CARING THAT THE RAT HAD DRUNK THERE TOO...



THE RAT, TOO, CAME TO INVESTIGATE THE DRIED-UP DEPRESSION. ERIC HURLED A ROCK AT IT... ANGRILY... DESPERATELY. HE MISSED...



TOO WEAK TO PURSUE HIS PREY, ERIC STOOD CROAKING AFTER THE RAT AS IT CRAWLED AWAY...



THAT AFTERNOON, A SMALL SEA-BEEL SCARRED OVERHEAD, DROPPING A FISH FROM ITS BEAK. AS THE BIRD SWOOPED TO RECOVER ITS PRIZE, ERIC FLUNG A ROCK AT IT WITH ALL OF HIS REMAINING STRENGTH...



THEN, ERIC SLUMPED WEAKLY TO THE HOT WHITE SAND...

THE BIRD LAY DEAD NEAR THE WATER'S EDGE WITH ITS HALF-SWALLOWED MORSEL. ERIC SUFFERED A PLEASUREABLE AGONY AS HE INCHED TOWARD HIS WAITING MEAL.



BUT THE OTHER CASTAWAY SAW THIS PLUMP FEATHERED PRIDE AND, DRIVEN BY THE HUNGRY PAINS OF HUNGER IN ITS BELLY, THE RAT, TOO, CRANCHED WEAKLY TOWARD THE FALLEN GULL...



NOW ERIC SAW THE RAT, AND THE RAT SAW ERIC. EACH RESTRAINED MOVEMENT BENEATH THAT FLESH-ROASTING SUN WAS A TORMENT FOR BOTH CREATURES. THE MAN, THE RAT... AND ERIC WENT TO SEE HIS BRIZZLED RIVAL MOVE, AHEAD OF HIM.



THE RAT WAS THERE NOW, NOT TAKING THE TIME TO SHIFT OR TEAR AT ITS FOOD, BUT GULPING AT THE BIRD, SWALLOWING IT WHOLE.



AND AT THE SAME TIME, ERIC HAD CLOSED THE GAP SO THAT THERE WAS BUT A SHORT HAIR BETWEEN THEM. WITH ENORMOUS EFFORT, ERIC RAISED HIMSELF, THEN FELL FORWARD, TRYING TO CATCH HIS ENEMY.



FINDING STRENGTH IN FEAR, THE RAT LEAPED ASIDE, SO THAT ERIC'S FINGERS JUST BRUSHED ITS SHORT-HAIRED GUNNY FUR...



FOR A LONG TIME THE MAN AND THE RAT LAY PRONE ON THE STEAMING SAND, EACH STUDING THE OTHER'S EYES, AND THEN ERIC SCREAMED...

"IT'S YOU OR ME! I GET NOW, NOW... OR
YOU'LL WAIT TILL I'M TOO WEAK TO MOVE!"



THE FAMISHED BEASTMAN STRUGGLED TO HIS KNEES, PERVERSELY HE SLOW CREEPING PURPLE. THE RAT BACKED AWAY WEAKLY...

"THEN YOU'LL EAT OUT MY EYEBALLS AND
THE FLESH OFF MY FACE! YOU'LL EAT
SLOW SO I'LL LAST..."



THERE WAS NO TIME FOR THE RAT TO SWALLOW. IT'S STILL ARMED. LEAVING THE THREE-FINGERED MARSH IN THE WET SAND, IT DIPPED SLOWLY INTO THE SEA...

"WELL, IT'S NOT GONE I'LL BE ME!
IT'S GONE TO BE YOU!"



THE RAT TURNED IN THE WATER, NOT GIVING UP ITS PREY, AND STARTED SWIMMING FROM THE ISLAND. ERIC, DRAINED INTO THE WATER AFTER IT, SWIMMING WITH LIMPLY CHURNING ARMS...



GREEDILY HOLDING ITS BULGING MOUTHFUL, THE RAT LOST BREATH... SWALLOWED WATER THROUGH ITS MOUTHPILE... BEGAN TO SINK. THE MAN REACHED OUT AND SAVED THE DROWNING RAT...



...SAVED IT FOR HIMSELF! HEAR MAD WITH HUNGER, NOT WAITING TO RETURN TO SHORE WITH HIS STRANGLED PRIZE, THE MAN STUFFED THE WATER-IMBATED RAT INTO HIS MOUTH, THENCE...



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SLEEK BLACK FISH CUT ITS WAY THROUGH THE BLUE, SLISING SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY TOWARD ITS FLOATING HUMAN QUARRY...



THE GREAT HUNGRY SHARK CLOSED IN WITH HUGE JAWS ASAPE, THE DOUBLE ROW OF RIBBON TEETH READY AND EAGER TO TEAR. IT CAME UP BEHIND ERIC...



A. VIOLENT TURBULENCE FOLLOWED... A THRASHING AND A SPLASHING OF FOAM AND SPLASHES... THE NATIVE OUTRIGGERS APPEARED THEN, GRANNY ARMS RHYTHMICALLY THRESHING PRODUCED...



THEY'D RETURNED WITH THEIR CHIEF TO WORSHIP THE ISLAND GOD. INSTEAD, THEY SAW THE VICIOUS TIGER OF THE SEA, THE POWERFUL POLYRESIAN BRAHMIN UP SHORT, SHARP SAFFS. ONE NATIVE KHELT, HIS SPEAR POSED... THEM LET IT FLY...



HE STRUCK THE BRUTE SQUARELY UNDER THE SPINE, THERE FOLLOWED A FURIOUS THRASHING AS THE OTHERS HOOED THEIR GATES INTO THE WOUNDED KILLER SHARK AND HOEVED IT ONBOARD AND STOOD, GARNED



...BURNING AT THE STILL, DEAD SENZEN OF THE DEEP, FOR STICKING OUT OF ITS TOOTH-LINED MOUTH WAS THE UNSHALLOWED HEAD OF ERIC HALFORD... AND OUT OF ERIC'S MOUTH, THE HEAD OF THE EASY-EYED JAF... AND OUT OF THE JAF'S MOUTH, THE HEAD OF HEAD... AND OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE BULL, PROTRUDING THE HEAD OF THE TINY FISH...



HOL, HEM! SO ANGRY OF THEM QUITE FINISHED THEIR MEAL, EH, KODIEST WELL, LEARN A LESSON FROM THIS LITTLE SORCERAN-STORY! NEVER BITE OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN SWALLOW! SOMEBODY MIGHT GET AWAYD OF YOU. AND NOW THAT THE PETRIFYING PAGE HAS BEEN SET, THE KULT-KEEPER AWAITs WITH HIS TEEP-TAPP... A NIGHTMARIsh TALE OF MARSHAL MURDER. ITLL GO YOU LATER WITH ANOTHER GRAVE TALE OF TERROR, TILL THEN, LET ME

LEAVE YOU WITH THIS WORDS TO THOUGHT. DON'T COUNT YOUR CHOCOS UNTIL THEY'RE MATURED! -BYE NOW!



E.C. WENT TO SEA IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...



AND WE CAME UP WITH...
SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

NOW YOU SEARCH
FOR IT!

BUT IF YOU CAN'T FIND **PIRACY**
AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU
CAN **SUBSCRIBE**! JUST FILL OUT
THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER
WITH **ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF
CENT** (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LAND-
LUBBERS!), TO:

THE **SEARCH** EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 106
223 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 10, N.Y.

OKAY, BILGE RATS! YOU SHANGHAIED ME!
I ENCLOSE \$1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES
OF **PIRACY**!

NAME

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HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL SAMPLE
OF ESCAPE LITERATURE CALLED...

THE SUBSTITUTE



FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS, HENRI DUVAL HAD SUFFERED THE EQUATORIAL HEAT AND THE BLAZING SUN AND THE TORTURED LABORS OF THE FRENCH PENAL COLONY... AND ALL BECAUSE HE MURDERED THE HUSBAND OF THE WOMAN HE'S LOVED. FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS, HE SWEATED AND SLAVED AT THE IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF HACKING CLEARINGS INTO THAT JUNGLE ISLAND, AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK, FOR NO SOONER HAD A TRACT BEEN CLEARED THAN THE RELENTLESS TROPICAL OVERGROWTH CLOSED IN AGAIN LIKE A GREEN TIDE. BUT THIS WAS THE PUNISHMENT FOR MURDER AND HENRI WAS FORCED TO URGED IN ITS MIRRS, LEFT ONLY TO DREAM OF COOL PARAS AND COOL WINE AND THE COOL LIPS OF A WOMAN. AND THEN, ONE DAY, HE DISCOVERED THE HERB...

"SACRE DIOS! IT IS MELLBORE!"



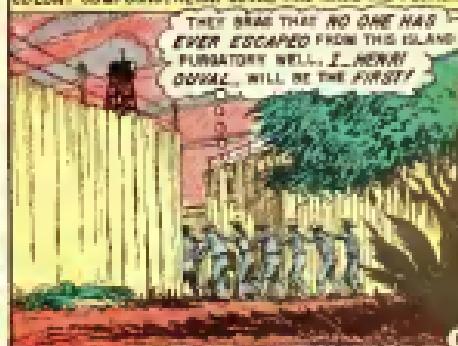
HENRI WAS AN EXPERT ON POISONS, AND HE KNEW MELLBORE... THE HERB WITH THE ROOT STOCK THAT YIELDED THE POISONOUS SUCROSIDE. ATTELEDBAWN, HE IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED THE PLANT AND TORN IT FROM THE SPONY JUNGLE FLOOR, STUFFING THE SHORT ROOTS INTO HIS BLOUSE...

"HEY, YOU! DON'T KEEP THAT MACHETE GOING!"



WHEN THE BLAZING EQUATORIAL SUN HAD SUNK INTO THE WESTERN SKY AND THE EXHAUSTED MUGNAULED PRISONERS HAD BEEN MARCHED BACK INTO THE PENAL COLONY COMPOUND, HENRI DUVAL HAD MADE HIS PLANS...

THEY SAID THAT NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED FROM THIS ISLAND PURGATORY WELL, I, HENRY DUVAL, WILL BE THE FIRST!"



HERE HE HAD THE HELLBLOWE ROOTS IN HIS CRAMPING MATTRESS, AND THE NEXT DAY BEGAN TO GATHER THE THINGS HE NEEDED. WHEN THE CLEARING CREWS WERE AGAIN MARCHED OUT INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLE, HE CHOSE JUST THE RIGHT SIZE BAMBOO STALK.



CAREFULLY HE GATHERED JUST THE RIGHT SHAPE PALM FRONDS...



...AND WHEN THE GUARDS WEREN'T LOOKING, HE MADE JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF CORN BARK...



HERE HE HAD IN HIS SHIRT, AND THAT EVENING, SUCCESSFULLY SMUGGLED THEM INTO THE COMPOUND. LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE OTHER PRISONERS WERE ASLEEP, HENRI WORKED. WITH THE SHAPES HE'D STOLEN FROM THE MEET HALL, HE CAREFULLY CARVED THE CHURN OF CORN BARK INTO A SMOOTH, ROUND, TEARDROP SHAPE.



SLITTING THE SMOOTHED EDGE, HE INSERTED THE CORRECTLY SHAPED PALM FRONDS, TRIMMING THEM DOWN...



NEST, INTO THE BULBOUS END OF THE CORN TEARDROP, HE INSERTED THE NEEDLE HE'D TAKEN FROM A FELLOW PRISONER'S BOWIE KIT...



...AND... FINALLY... HENRI HAD FINISHED AN ACCURATE DART... A DART THAT WOULD BE POISONED.



...AND BLOWN THROUGH THE HIGH-LOW BAMBOO STALK HE'D CUT...



ALL THAT NIGHT, HENRY PRACTISED WITH HIS BLOW-
PIPE UNTIL HIS AIM WAS DEADLY...



FINALLY, HE HAD HIS MURDEROUS WEAPON, ALONG WITH THE
HELIBORE ROOTS, IN HIS MATTRESS... AND LAY DOWN FOR
THE FEW HOURS OF SLEEP LEFT TO HIM...



THE NEXT DAY HENRY FOUND TWO
FLINT ROCKS AND SHRIEKED THEM
BACK INTO THE COMPOUND AS HE
HAD DONE WITH THE OTHER THINGS...



THAT NIGHT, HE BROKE DOWN
THE HELIBORE ROOTS, CARE-
FULLY CATCHING THE JUICE THAT
RAN FROM THE PULVERIZED MEAT
IN A TIN CUP...



THEN HE DIPPED HIS DART-NEEDLE
INTO THE HIGHLY TOXIC POISON



AND THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE GOVERNOR OF THE
PENAL COLONY STRODE ACROSS THE COMPOUND'S
GROUNDS ON HIS DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL, HENRY TOOK
CAREFUL AIM...



... AND LET FLY HIS LETHAL MISSILE...



BY NINON DALL, THE GOVERNOR WAS DEAD...



... AND A POOR UNFORTUNATE PRISONER, IN WHOSE MARTRESS THE BLOW-SUN WAS FOUND, WAS WHIPPED TO DEATH - VAINLY PROTESTING HIS INNOCENCE TO THE LAST...



HENRY, ALONG WITH TWO OTHER PRISONERS, WAS LUCKILY ASSIGNED THE JOB OF BUILDING THE COFFIN IN WHICH THE DEMISED GOVERNOR'S BODY WOULD BE KEPT UNTIL THE ARRIVAL OF THE MORTALY BOAT FROM THE CONTINENT.



THE GOVERNOR HAD BEEN A FAMOUS FRENCH NAVAL HERO. HENRY HAD PLANNED IT ALL! HE'D KNOWN THAT THE GOVERNOR'S BODY WOULD BE SHIPPED BACK TO FRANCE. HE'D COUNTED ON IT. THIS WAS HENRY DUVALL'S FLOT! THIS WAS THE MEANS FOR HIS ESCAPE...

AIR HOLES! WHY, HENRY THE CURSED DUFF IS DEAD! WHY DOES HE NEED AIR HOLES IN HIS COFFIN?

TO ALLOW FOR EXPANDING GASES, MOR AN!"



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MONTHLY STEAMERS EXPECTED ARRIVAL, HENRY SLIPPED FROM HIS BARRACKS AND HURRIED TO THE CHAPEL, WHERE THE GOVERNOR'S BODY LAY IN STATE IN THE GRANITE COFFIN.



HE STRIPPED THE BODY OF ITS CLOTHES AND DRESSED IT IN HIS GRAY PRISON UNIFORM...



THEN HE BLASHER AND HACKED THE FACE UNTIL IT WAS UNRECOGNIZABLE.



IN THE MORNING THEY WOULD FIND THE BODY AND THINK THAT AN *ARMY* OF *HEAVY DUTY*'S HAD *ATTACKED* AND *MURDERED* HIM DURING THE NIGHT. HENRI CARRIED THE DISFIGURED COFFIN INTO THE BARRACKS AND PLACED IT OUTSIDE ON HIS CITY...



...AND CLIMBED INTO THE RECENTLY VACATED COFFIN TO WAIT... TO WAIT FOR THEM TO COME AND CARRY HIM TO THE WAITING BOAT AND EVENTUAL FREEDOM...



AT FIRST HENRI WAS TERRIFIED... BUT THEN HE CALMED DOWN AS HE REALIZED...

HENRI: WHEN I GET TO FRANCE, I WILL CERTAINLY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO FREE MYSELF!
IT IS NOTHING!



THEN HE TOOK THE *FOOD* HE'D HIDDEN AND THE CAN OF *WATER* AND MURKED BACK ACROSS THE COMPOUND TO THE CHAPEL...



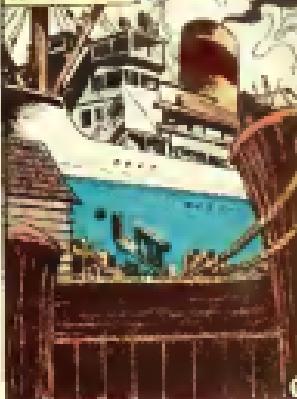
THE NEXT MORNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED, AND SUDDENLY HENRI HEARD POUNDING AND HAMMERING...



HAPPILY, HENRI FELT HIS COFFIN LIFTED AND CARRIED OUT OF THE CHAPEL, ACROSS THE COMPOUND, DOWN TO THE PENAL COLONIAL WHARF...



...AND UP THE GRAPPLING PLANK OF THE SUPPLY SHIP...



HE LISTENED WITH EYES TO THE SQUEAK OF THE LINER'S WHISTLE, THE RUMBLE ROAR OF ITS ENGINES. HE FELT THE SHIP HEAVING AS THE SHIP BACKED OFF FROM THE PIER AND HEADED INTO THE OPEN SEA...



HE CALCULATED THE APPROXIMATE LENGTH OF THE VOTER AND REALIZED THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO PUT HIMSELF ON A STREET RATIONING PROGRAM TO MAKE HIS MEAGER FOOD SUPPLY LAST. IT WAS HOURS LATER BEFORE HE AFFORDED HIMSELF HIS FIRST BOWL, WASHED DOWN BY ONE GULP OF THE TROPIC WATER.



AND THAT NIGHT, THE HUMMING SHIP'S ENGINE LULLED HENRY INTO A PEACEFUL SLEEP.



BUT HE WAS AWAKENED RUDDILY THE NEXT MORNING AS THE COFFIN WAS LIFTED BRUISINGLY AND CARRIED ON DECK...



HE LISTENED AS THE ENGINES STOPPED AND ONLY THE GENTLE CLAPPING OF THE OCEAN WAVES DRIFTED THROUGH THE MASTENED AIR HOLE. AND THEN HE READS THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE, DECREEING...

...AND SO, IN COMPLIANCE WITH GOVERNOR MOLLETT'S LAST REQUEST...



HENRY'S BLOOD FROZE IN HIS VEINS AS HE FELT THE COFFIN LIFTED TO THE SHIP'S BAIL AND SLID FORWARD... OVER IT...

WE COMMIT THE COFFIN CONTAINING HIS BODY TO THE DEEP... FOR BURIAL AT SEA...



HENRY'S SCREAM WAS CUT SHORT AS THE COFFIN HIT THE TOSSED SPINE AND WATER POURSED IN THROUGH THE AIR HOLE, FILLING HIS FINE PRISON... FILLING HIS BLUE-BERING MOUTH... FILLING HIS BASPING LENSES...



A SPECIAL EDITORIAL

THIS IS AN APPEAL FOR ACTION!

THE PROBLEM: Comics are under fire... horror and crime comics in particular. Due to the efforts of various "do-gooders" and "do-goodit" groups, a large segment of the public is being led to believe that certain comic magazines cause juvenile delinquency, warp the minds of America's youth, and effect the development of the personalities of those who read them! Among these "do-gooders" are a psychiatrist who has made a lucrative career of attacking comic magazines, certain publishing companies who do not publish comics and who would benefit by their demise, many groups of adults who would like to blame their lack of ability as responsible parents on comic magi instead of on themselves, and various assorted headlines here and there. These people are nutcases. They complain to local police officials, to local magazine retailers, to local wholesalers, add to their congressional. They complain and complain and threaten and threaten. Basically, everyone gets frightened. The newsletter gets frightened. He removes the books from display. The wholesaler gets frightened. He refuses shipment. The congressmen get frightened. November is coming! They start an investigation. The wave of hysteria has seriously threatened the very existence of the whole comic magazine industry.

WE BELIEVE: Your editor sincerely believes that the claim of these crusaders... that comics are bad for children... is nonsense. If we, in the slightest way, thought that horror comics, crime comics, or any other kind of comics were harmful to our readers, we would cease publishing them and direct our efforts toward something else!

And we're not alone in our belief. For example: Dr. David Abrahamson, eminent criminologist, in his book, "Who Are The Guilty?" says, "Comic books do not lead to crime, although they have been widely blamed for it... to my experience as a physician, I cannot remember having seen one boy or girl who has committed a crime, or who became neurotic or psychotic... because he or she read comic books." A group led by Dr. Freda Kehn, Mental Health Chairman of the Illinois Congress of the P. T. A., decided that living comic violence has a decided beneficial effect on young minds! Dr. Robert H. Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, said that horror comic books do not originate criminal behavior in children... in a way, the horror comics may do some good... children may use fantasy, as stimulated by the "comics" as a means of working out natural feelings of aggression.

We also believe that a large portion of our total readership of horror and crime comics is made up of adults. We believe that those who oppose comics are a small minority. Yet this minority is causing the hysteria. The voice of the majority... you who buy comics, read them, enjoy them, and are not harmed by them... has not been heard!

WHAT YOU MUST DO: Unless you act now, the pressure from this minority may force comics from the American scene. It is members of this minority who threaten the local retailers, who threaten the local wholesalers, who have sent letters to the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency (now investigating the comic industry).

IT IS TIME THAT THE MAJORITY'S VOICE BE HEARD!

It is time that the Senate Subcommittee hear from **YOU**... well and every one of you!

If you agree that comics are harmless entertainment, write a letter or a postcard **TODAY** to:

The Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency
United States Senate
Washington 25, D. C.

and in your own words, tell them so. Make it a nice, polite letter! In the case of you younger readers, it would be more effective if you could get your parents to write for you, or perhaps add a P.S. to your letter, as the Senate Subcommittee may not have much respect for the opinions of minors.

Of course, if you or your parents disagree with us, and believe that comics ARE bad, let your sentiments be known on that too! The important thing is that the Subcommittee hear from actual comic book readers and/or their parents, rather than from people who never read a comic magazine in their lives, but simply want to destroy them.

It is also important that your local newsletter be encouraged to circulate carrying, displaying, and selling all kinds of comics. Speak to him. Have him speak to his wholesaler.

Whatever you can, let your voice and the voices of your parents be raised in protest over the campaign against comics.

But first... right now... please write that letter to the Senate Subcommittee.

Sincerely,
Your grateful editor
(for the whole E. C. Gzug)

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Testament*, and
a member of the
Baptist Convention.

OBBATIA, GRAY *OBBATIA* — described out of 4 localities in
Grenoble — showing double
leaves and buds on glomerate
cell walls. Found by *Compte*
Coronati in the Alps.

LOWELL can always find
something Politics related — in
addition to daily activities.
—Lester L. Pitts



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NUMBER 49
NO. AMERICA
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stamp of her
loved Queen
Elizabeth—de-
signed to this
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rate by Cor-
sition.



the message — there the world's
widest and oldest empire is pro-

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Journal of Entomology, 18: 1-12.
22. Waddington Hill, Bradfords 1, N. Y.
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10

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ZENITH CO.

SQUEEZE PLAY

From the place where he crouched on the metal ladder leading down into the open manhole, Ben Flint's eyes were exactly level with the surface of the street. Gripping the steel rails, Flint leaned forward to scan the paving crew hard at work nearby, spreading hot tar over the road bed. *He'll be here in a minute, Flint thought to himself, his stomach muscles tightening with nervous expectation. As soon as the lousy rat rolls up I'm gonna let 'im have it right between the eyes!*

Steam boiled up from the hot tar, while the workmen spread it swiftly . . . Flint's eyes narrowed to keep the top of the steep road in sight. A rumbling noise was heard off in the distance: Flint's right hand tightened spasmodically on the gun held at his side. *That must be the steamroller coming down the hill, Flint mused, his pulse quickening. Soon as these guys get outa the way and the roller comes this way, Fletcher is a dead man!*

At the top of the hill, now, the bulky metal monster came into view, its ponderous roller squashing flat the bubbling hot tar in its path. With gathering speed it moved down the hill, while the workers scrambled out of its path. Flint's gun-arm moved nervously across his face, to clear his vision, while he clung to the guard rail with his other hand . . . his eyes narrowed as he peered closely at the man perched on the seat of the steamroller. The red hair and the square-jawed face of the driver were fully in view . . . it was *Fletcher*, all right!

The huge steamroller was thirty yards

from him . . . the street workers had moved out of sight, back to the boiling tar cauldron. Flint raised his head slightly, the gun slid upward so that its sight was trained squarely on the driver of the immense juggernaut. Flint slowly counted to three, then he squeezed the trigger.

There was no sound; the silencer had done its work. Thirty yards away the body of the driver slumped forward, the man's head sagging lifelessly on his shoulders. Flint started to descend back into the open manhole, his lips apart in a grimace of triumph. He heard, suddenly, the sound of sewer workers below . . . there were other men down there, coming closer! Men who might testify that he had been attempting to flee from the scene of a murder!

With a gasp of surprise, aware that his plan of escape had been thwarted, Flint leaped up the remaining steps and landed on the hot oozy street surface. Trying desperately to move his feet through the clinging tar, Flint turned and saw the enormous steamroller hurtling towards him.

He screamed just once, then the awful weight of the roller was crashing over his body . . . mashing him into a hideous blob of tortured, squirming, tar-covered flesh. His blood sprayed out like soup from a punctured can; Flint was shattered beyond recognition by the time the driverless roller had crashed into a stone wall at the bottom of the hill, and came to a stop amidst the mournful wail of steam escaping from the mangled boiler.

HERE'S A CRAZY, MIXED-UP
FRIGHTMARE I CALL . . .

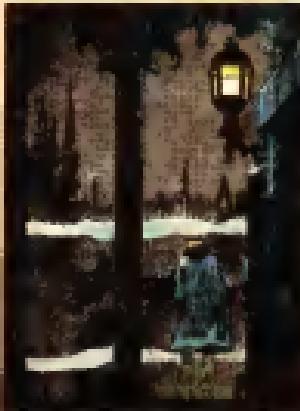
MURDER DREAM

I WANDERED ABOUT THE LONELY
LONDON STREETS TONIGHT, CHILLED
TO THE MARROW OF MY BONES BY
THE DENSE, DARK, CHOKING FOUL . . .

I WAS MORE TIRED THAN I'VE
EVER BEEN IN MY LIFE, YET
I FEARED SLEEP. I
FEARED THE DREAMS
SOMewhere IN THE VAST,
GREEDILY BURROWED, BIG BEN
TOLLED MIDNIGHT . . .

AT LAST . . . TOO EX-
HAUSTED TO STAND . . .
MY EYES SIGHTLESS . . .
BEDDING FOR REST . . .
I RETURNED TO MY
BLEAK HOTEL ROOM . . .

UNDRESSED,
LEAVING MY CLOTHES
WHERE THEY FELL . . .



... AND SPURRED UPON THE
BED . . .

SLEEP CAME AT ONCE . . . AND THEN THE
DREAM . . . THE DREAD DREAM I'VE HAD
FOR THE PAST THREE NIGHTS COMES
AGAIN . . . AND I AM POWERLESS TO STOP
IT . . .



I AM APPROACHING OUR COTTAGE . . .
BASIC IN FAIR. I AM RETURNING
FROM LONDON, MY RUSTIC PARKED OFF
THE ROAD. IT'S ALL SO CLEAR. THE
THE SOUND IS SO CLEAR. THE
THE SOUND OF GATHY SCREAM-
ING . . .



I HEAR IT SO CLEARLY... CATHY'S
TERRIFIED HEART-BREAKING SCREAM.
I'M ARRIVING NOW... REACHING OUT
TOWARD THE DOOR. I'M CLOSER TO
IT THAN I HAVE BEEN IN THE PAST
TWO NIGHTS...

I'M COMING, CATHY



But I can't reach it...
AKAEN WITH HER NAME ON MY LIPS,
MY BLOODLTHES DRENCHED WITH
COLD SWEAT... I BURST MY FACE IN MY
HANDS, SOBBING ALONE...

CATHY! WHAT IS IT CATHY?
WHAT AM I DREAMING THIS?
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



I TRY TO DRIVE THE DREAM FROM MY
MIND. I LIE BACK AND THINK OF THE
COTTAGE AND THAT FIRST DAY CATHY
LADIED HERSELF UPON ME... STANDING
QUIET AND STILL ON THAT CLEAR, WIND-
SWEPT MOOR SOME EIGHT MILES
NORTH OF LONDON...

OR HOWEVER IT'S JUST
WHAT I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED!

IT IS
QUANT!



HOW I LOVED HER, MY CATHY! HOW I LOVE HER
STILL! I REMEMBER THE KNOCKING ON THE COTTAGE
DOOR... THE SQUEAK OF CHAISESPRINGS INSIDE... THE SLOW
PAS OF BOOTS ON CARPETED FLOOR... THE SHABBY
DRESSED MAN PEERING OUT... HIS STARING EYES...

WE SAW THE "FOR SALE" SIGN,
MAY WE LOOK AT THE PLACE?
MY NAME'S HOWARD LEBRONTON
THIS IS MY WIFE CATHY!



IT WAS A COZY HOUSE, JEWELINLY NEGLECTED, BUT
CATHY WAS EXTRABILLED WITH IT...

IT'S CHARMING, HOWARD...
YOU JUST WAIT TILL I PUT
MY OWN LITTLE TOUCHES
ABOUT!

I DON'T SUPPOSE
THERE'LL BE ANY
POINT TRYING TO
DISCOURSE YOU, DEAR,
SO HOW THE QUES-
TION IS, CAN WE
AFFORD IT...



I REMEMBER HIS EYES BORING INTO MINE AS WE
DISCUSSED PRICE...

SEVEN HUNDRED QUID
THE FURNITURE GOES WITH THE
HOUSE. CLAUDE BATTLES
I GO WITH THE HOUSE, TOO.

OR, THEN YOU
MUST BE THE CARE-
TAKER. I'M NOT AT
ALL SURE I CAN
AFFORD YOU,
ORTMESS!



ONLY EIGHT QUID A
WEEK... FOR TOBACCO,
MISTER. I SLEEP OVER
THE STABLE!

I DON'T
KNOW...

THAT'S LITTLE
ENOUGH, HOWARD,
AND I WON'T HAVE
TO BE HERE ALONE
WHEN YOU GO TO
LONDON ON BUSINESS.



EVEN AS MY THOUGHTS RAMBLE ON
THROUGH THESE MEMORIES, DAWN
NEVER RACES MY WAY TO DAWN. AND SO
I RISE, TOO WORN AND HAGGARD TO
TEND TO THE BUSINESS THAT BROUGHT
ME TO LONDON...



THE DAY FAIRLY TOO QUICKLY AND IT IS
NIGHT ONCE MORE. I AM IN BED AGAIN
WAITING... WAITING FOR SLEEP TO
COME AND THAT AWFUL, AWFUL
DREAM...

PERHAPS IF I START THINKING OF
THOSE FIRST DAYS WITH CATHY
IN THE COTTAGE, I WON'T HAVE
TO SUFFER THAT HORROROUS
DREAM AGAIN...



CATHY DOOD WONDERS WITH THE
PLANTS, FIXING IT UP. HER HANDS
WORK WITH PASSION WITH THE DECORATING
THE FLOWER GARDEN. THEN, ONE
DAY, THE LETTER CAME...

IT'S A GREAT
OPPORTUNITY,
DEAR... BUT I'LL
HAVE LEAVING
YOU ALONE.

GRANDMOTHER
WILL LOOK AFTER
ME. HOWARD
REACHES LONDON
IN ONLY THREE
HOURS ANYWAY...



CATHY LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL, SO HAPPY, AS SHE
SAID GOODBYE FROM THE GARDEN. I FELT
I LOVED HER MORE AND MORE WITH EACH
PASSING DAY...

AWAKENESS GIVES WAY TO SLEEP. MEMORY DRIFTS INTO DREAM...
THAT HORRIBLE DREAM AGAIN. I HEAR HER SCREAMING... CATHY'S
SCREAMING FROM THE COTTAGE. I'M THERE AGAIN... RACING
TOWARD THE DOOR... CLOSER NOW... CLOSER... YET NEVER
SEEM TO BE ABLE TO REACH IT...



THE SCREAM ECHOES OVER THE GRIM DARK MOOR
ABORNING... ENDING. MY POOR, TERRIFIED SCREAMING
CATHY. LORD, HOW I LOVE HER. WITH SUPER-
HUMAN EFFORT, I HURL MYSELF AGAINST THE DOOR...
TWIST THE KNOB... HEAVE MY WEIGHT AGAINST IT...



FOR AN INTERMINABLE MOMENT, I AM TORTURED... FRUSTRATED... UNABLE TO BRING MY DREAM-VISION BEYOND THAT
POINT. TIME AND MOTION ARE SUSPENDED. I'M BETWEEN
WAKEFULNESS AND SLEEP. I MUST KNOW! I FLING WIDE
THE DOOR... AND BEHOLD A NIGHT MORE HORRIFIC THAN
THOSE EVER IN MY WILDEST NIGHTMARES, IMAGINED...



THE SCREAM RAGES. THE DREAM VANISHES. I AM AWAKE, SITTING UPRIGHT, GLARING AT MY FACE, TRYING TO FORCE THE FRIGHT INTO MY MIND...



SUDDENLY I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO. THE DREAM IS AN OAK... A BARRIER. I LEAP FROM BED, FUMBLE FOR THE LAMP SWITCH...



BUT MY HAND FALLS ASLEEP. I SLUMP BACK ONTO THE BED. I REACH FOR MY CIGARETTE IN THE DARKNESS... LIGHT ONE... DRAG DEEPLY... SLEEP ON...



I LIE THERE UNTIL THE CIGARETTE BURNS DOWN AND I CRUSH IT OUT. I AM DETERMINED TO STAY AWAKE BUT MY EYES ARE UNBEARABLY HEAVY. SLEEP REACHES OUT AND SMOTHERS ME IN ITS VELVET GRIP. THE SCREAM ERUPTS TO GREET ME...



I'M INSIDE THE COTTAGE NOW... DASHING FORWARD... CATHY ON HER KNEES... HER FACE DISTORTED WITH FRIGHT... HER EYES GLAZED IN TERROR... PLEADING WITH ME TO SAVE HER... AND BEHIND HIM, CLAWING HER HAIR, THAT MANIACAL LOOK IN HIS EYES, IS STANDING OVER HER, AN AX FOINED...



HE SEES ME THEN, AND LETS CATHY GO. I DIVE AT HIM, ARMED FOR THE AX...

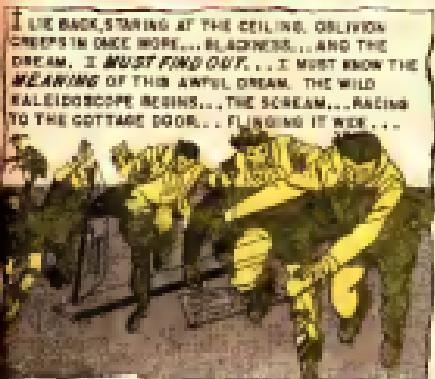


...BUT HIS HUMAN'S STRENGTH SENDS ME SPINNING ACROSS THE ROOM...



THEN WE COME AT ME, THE AX HELD HIGH, HIGH...





THEN, SUDDENLY, I AM AWAKE AGAIN. FRANTICALLY, I DRESS... PAY... CHECK OUT OF THE HOTEL... AND SOON THE MILES ARE FLYING BY BENEATH THE WHEELS OF MY AUSTIN...

I'VE GOT TO SEE... I'VE GOT TO SEE MY CATHY... MAKE SURE SHE'S ALL RIGHT!

THE SHADOWS OF DAWN DESCEND SILENTLY FROM THE GREY SKY, MEET NEAR THE SHORE, BLACK AND BY FEEDING WHISPERS OF WIND. THE FOG FLOATS LOW AND WRAITHLIKE ABOUT THE COTTAGE AS I QUIT THE CAR AND PUSH IN. CATHY IS THERE... AND JUST AS IN MY DREAM... SHE SITS BEHIND A COFFIN... SIZZLING...



AND HOWARD LEIGHTON IS IN THE COFFIN
CATHY...

CHORE... YOU IF



I STAGGER TOWARD HER WITH FALTERING, JERK STEPS. HER FACE IS TAUT WITH TERROR, HER HUSBAND... CATHY'S HOWARD... LIES DEAD... AND I KNOW...



I KNOW THAT I HAVE DREAMED A MARRIOR'S DREAM. I KNOW THAT I AM CLAUDE BAYFORD, AND AS THE SCREAMING BEGINS AGAIN AND I HOLD CATHY'S HAIR IN MY STRONG CLAWING HANDS, BUT AS FORCED, I KNOW... OH, LORD... THAT I CAN'T STOP MYSELF... THAT I'VE COME BACK TO THE COTTAGE TO MURDER CATHY LEIGHTON JUST AS I MURDERED HER HUSBAND.



YOU SEE, MOTHER, HOWARD LEIGHTON COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN LONDON... BECAUSE CLAUDE BAYFORD HAD ALREADY GIVEN HIM THE BOBBINNESS! CLAUDE ISHOT THAT HE WAS... JUST INNOCENT! HE WAS HOWARD'S WISHFUL THINKING, YOU MIGHT SAY. THE MINUTE CLAUDE SAW CATHY, HE WENT OUT OF HIS MIND OVER HER. WELL, CLAUDE WANTS WITH HIS PEEP-POT TO DRIVE PEG OUT OF YOUR MIND... WITH ANOTHER OF HER REEKING REVENGE, SO I'LL SAY "BYE" FOR THIS ISSUE OF MY MURKED MURKED MURK.



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE HEE! HI, MIRROR MIRROR! THIS IS YOUR SHAKER CHEF READY WITH ANOTHER MEAL OF MOLLY HORRORITY FROM MY CRACKY CAULDRON. IF YOU'L JUST SLICE MY ON THE BODGE... INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR... THE OLD WITCH, YOUR MISTRESS IN HEAPING HELPINGS OF FOG, FARE... WILL WIND UP S.H.'S BOG OF MAD IN MY USUAL GORY-TELLING MANNER WITH A DELIGHTFUL DISH OF DELIRIUM DELIVINGS CALLED...

The Switch

THE COLD MORNING LIGHT PRESSED UP AGAINST THE FIRE-PANCO'S DARK ARCHED WINDOW, ROTUSHED ENTRANCE BY THE HEAVILY LINED EXPENSIVE BARRIER CARRIERS. INTIMIDATED DEEP IN A HEAVY LEATHER CHAIR THAT HIS AGED BODY HARSHLY NARMS, WEALTHY CARLTON WHORSTIER SLOWLY STIRRED HIMSELF. HIS WRINKLED FACE CRACKED EVEN MORE WITH A PREFERENCE-SMILE AND HIS LYMPHATIC BLUE EYES HELD SOME Distant DREAM AS HE REACHED FOR THE BELLCORD BESIDE THE ORNATE FIREPLACE...



BEFORE LONG, A SLEEPY-EYED BUTLER SHUFFLED INTO THE DEN...

"YOU RANG... WHY, MR. WEBSTERT! WULSON! I... HAVE YOU BEEN HERE ALL NIGHT? I'M IN LOWNT!"



FULTON'S EYES OPENED WIDE AT THIS STARTLING NEWS, AND HE LIT A DESK-LAMP IN ORDER TO SEE HIS EMPLOYEE'S FACE. PERHAPS IT WAS SOME KIND OF JOKE...



THE DECEP'TIVE MILLIONAIRE ROSE UNSTEADY. HE PATTED HIS BUTLER'S SHOULDERS...

DON'T WORRY, FULTON! I LOVE HER AND I WANT HER TO MARRY ME VERY MUCH. BUT ONLY IF SHE LOVES ME. NOT MY MONEY. I WANT GENUINE AFFECTION, NOT AN AGF.



THAT NIGHT CARLTON WEBSTER TOOK AN INEXPENSIVE BOUQUET TO LINDA STEWART'S NEAT-PLATE. HER BEAUTIFUL FACE BEAMED GRATEFULLY.



LINDA INVITED CARLTON TO SHARE THE SOFA WITH HER. HE LOOKED LOVINGLY INTO HER GREEN EYES. STUDIED HER SCARLET LIPS. LONGED TO KISS THEM. HE HELD HER HAND AND, WITHOUT INTENDING TO, BLURTED OUT...



THE OLD MAN'S FACE SARRIED. HE PLEASED WITH LINDA...



LINDA'S MIND RACES. HOW COULD SHE AVOID HURTING THIS KIND OLD MAN'S FEELINGS? HOW COULD SHE TELL HIM...



FOR A WHILE, CARLTON SAT IN STONY SILENCE
BROWNING, SLIGHTLY REFLECTING ON NATURE'S
CRUELTY. AT LAST HE ROSE, PUT ON HIS COAT AND
HAT, AND...

CARLTON: I DON'T
MEAN TO HURT
YOU...
EVERYTHING WILL WORK
OUT IN TIME. LINDA'S
YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL GET
WHAT YOU WANT!

THE IMAGINATION THAT HAD EARNED CARLTON WEBSTER
A MILLION DOLLARS HAD NOT DESERTED HIM AFTER ALL
THOSE YEARS. AS HE ROSE HIS CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN CADILLAC
BACK TO HIS PALatial ESTATE, HE PUFFED THOUGHTFULLY
ON A DOLLAR CIGAR AND SAW VISIONS IN ITS LUXURIOUS
BLUE SMOKE.

SOMETHING CAN BE DONE. THEY DO WONDERS WITH
PLASTIC SURGERY THESE DAYS. I'LL HAVE A TALK
WITH DOCTOR HURLEY IN THE MORNING...

THE NEXT DAY, CARLTON STOPPED IN AT HIS HIGH-PRICED
PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE.

THERE ARE THINGS I COULD
GIVE YOU, MR. WEBSTER...
HORMONES, BUT AT YOUR
ADVANCED AGE...

YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG,
DOCTOR. IT'S MY FACE
I WANT FIXED UP. I
WANT YOUTH, DOCTOR!

THE MILLIONAIRE EXPLAINED HIS PRECISEMENT IN DETAIL.
DR. HURLEY SAT WITH HIS FINGERTIPS TOUCHING AND
ASSUMED HIS GRANDEST PROFESSIONAL EXPRESSION...

THERE'S A CERTAIN DR. PAULINEK... I BELIEVE IT.
NOW, I'M NOT RECOMMENDING HIM, MIND YOU. IN FACT, ETHER
PREVENT ME FROM SAYING WHAT I
THINK OF THE MAN'S
METHODS. FANTASTIC...

WITH SOME DIFFICULTY, CARLTON LOCATED THE CURIOS
STORE HOUSE OF DR. HANS FRÜHLINGER, A THREE-
SHEET NERVOUS LITTLE MAN WITH FRESH-LENSED GLAS-
SES OPENED THE HEAVY DOOR AND PEERED OUT.

WEBSTER? THE NAME? I NEED YOUR SERVICES,
MEANS NOTHING. WHO DOCTOR. I CAN AFFORD
SEND YOU WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

THE HINT OF WEALTH SEEMED TO SATISFY THE STRANGE
PHYSICIAN. HE LED HIS VISITOR INTO AN UNTOUCHED, NOT TO
SAY UNHABITABLE CELLAR LABORATORY. HE LISTENED TO
CARLTON'S REQUEST...

I'VE PERFORMED THE OPERATION BEFORE, HERE
WEBSTER... IN GERMANY, IN THIS COUNTRY, NOBODY
WILL BELIEVE IT'S A QUACK, THEY SAY. IT WOULD
COST YOU TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,
AT LEAST!

111

111

THE ASTRONOMICAL PHILIP SEASIDE-CARLTON. HE SAT MOPPIN AND TROWAS DOCTOR PAULMYER EXPLAINED

I TAKE ONLY FIFTY THOUSAND
FOR THE OPERATION, MR. WEBSTER.
THE OTHER ONE HUNDRED AND
FIFTY THOUSAND IS WHAT IT WILL
COST FOR THE
YOUNG MAN'S YOUNG MATE.

POWERS
SILVER
PAUL YOUNG
MURKIN

IF YOU WANT A COMPLETE NEW FACE, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET IT FROM A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN, NOT ME, DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE I'M INSANE, I HAVE DONE THIS OPERATION BEFORE! NOW, THE YOUNG MAN I HAVE IN MIND WILL GO ANYTHING FOR MONEY... A LOT OF MONEY!

THAT NIGHT CARLTON VISITED AND
SPOKE MORE. THEN CAME AWAY RE-
ASSURED THAT SHE WAS WELL WORTH
THE FABULOUS EXPENDITURE. THEN,
HE VISITED THE YOUNG MAN DR.
FALLSIDE WHO HAD RECOMMENDED...

DR. FAULKNER SAID
YOU'D GO ANY PLACE
FOR MONEY & MR.
BOOTH!

HE DUNIT
TO KNOW?
I DO ALREADY
FOR AXE
WHAT'S THE
DEALT

A cartoon illustration of a man with a shocked expression. He has brown hair, wears glasses, and is dressed in a white shirt. His mouth is wide open, and his eyes are wide, conveying a sense of surprise or alarm.

GEORGE BOOTH, THE YOUNG MAN, SAT IN SILENCE FOR A FULL MINUTE AFTER THE OLD MAN HAD GIVEN HIM THE DETAIL.

"A HUNDRED AND FIFTY BRANDS
MAY ALL I WANT TO DO IS GIVE UP
THIS BUSIN' OR MINE! WHAT'S IT
GOTTEN ME UNTRUST IN? I'VE ALWAYS
HAD TO SCRATCH FOR A BUCK! GREAT
WEBSTER, IT'S A DEAL!"

THE NEXT DAY, THE OLD MILLIONAIRE AND THE YOUNG MAN WENT TO DOCTOR BALKIN'S CELLAR LABORATORY. EVERYTHING WAS IN READINESS...TWO OPERATING TABLES...MUCH MEDICAL EQUIPMENT...AND THE NECESSARY CONTINUOUS CHECKS...

TWO WEEKS LATER, DR. PAULSON UNVEILED CARLTON'S NEW FACE.

THE OPERATION IS A
COMPLETE SUCCESS!
HERE! LOOK
WONDERFULLY! YOU'RE A SCENICIST,
SCHOOL! WAIT TILL LINDA SEE ME
NOW!

On our website www.oxfordmaths.com

"OH, BY THE WAY I TOLD GEORGE
BOOTH TO LET ME KNOW IF HE
MOVES. WE SHOULD HAVE HIS NEW
ADDRESS IN CASE WE... ER... MIGHT
NEED HIM AGAIN. . . . END"



CARLTON TURNED TO GO... FRUSTRATED...



AND SO, AGAIN, CARLTON WEBSTER WENT TO SEE DR. FAULHUBER...

OF COURSE I CAN GIVE YOU A NEW BODY, MR. WEBSTER. BUT IT WILL COST YOU SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

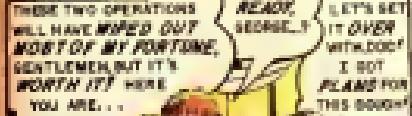
WHAT? YOU'RE **ARMED**? EVEN I CAN'T AFFORD THAT!

YOU CAN'T EXPECT GEORGE BOOTH TO SET UP HIS BODY FOR LESS THAN HALF A MILLION, MR. WEBSTER

ALL RIGHT! CALL HIM! SEE IF HELL DO IT!



AND SO, AGAIN, THE CELLAR LABORATORY WAS READIED. CARLTON WAS THERE WITH TWO CERTIFIED CHECKS.



AND AGAIN, THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS. AFTER A MONTH OF CONVALESCENCE...

WATCH MY STOMACH MUSCLES RIPPLE, DOCTOR. I'M AS SOLID AS A ROCK NOW.

LINDA CAN'T REBUKE ME...

JAN, MR. WEBSTER. BUT IF YOU NEED ME... OR GEORGE... WE'LL BE WAITING.



THAT AFTERNOON, CARLTON TOOK
LINDA TO THE BEACH TO SHOW OFF
HIS STRONG MUSCULAR BODY...



LINDA LEANED TOWARDS CARLTON,
HER MOST LIPS INVITING...



LINDA SHUDDERED AS CARLTON HELD
HER



NO, CARLTON! HOW I CAN'T I WON'T! IT'S... IT'S JUST LOOK AT THOSE
BEDRAGGLED ARMS... AN OLD MAN'S
ARMS, AND YOUR LEGS... SPINDLE-
KNOTTY... FULL OF VARICOSE VEINS...



CARLTON'S HAMMIE FACE SHOWED THAT HIS THICK
BRAWNY CHEST BREATHED WITH ANGRY BREATHING...

WHAT DO YOU WANT IN A MAN, I KNOW WHAT I
WANT! NOT THIS SATISFY YOU?
CARLTON, I KNOW YOU'RE...
YOU'RE JUST NOT IT!"



CARLTON STOOD UP, STRETCHING HIS SLENDER ARMS
WITH THEIR SABERS BARE... HIS VETOED OLD MAN'S
LEGS...



CARLTON LOOKED AT LINDA IN ALL HER BEAUTY AND HE
LENSSED FOR HER, HIS TOOTHFUL BODY BURNING WITH
DESIRE... AND SO, LATER...

ARMS AND LEGS, EH, MR.
WELSTERS GEORGE WILL
WANT TWO HUNDRED
THOUSAND...



RECOVERY WAS SLOWER THIS TIME. TWO WEEKS, AS CARLTON DRESSED TO LEAVE THE SANITARIUM THAT FINAL DAY, HE SMILED BRIGHTLY.

"I'M A POOR MAN, POOR, IT'S BUT PERFECTLY NOW, OR FATTERER! SUCH ARMS, SUCH LEGS... SUCH A BODY, YOU ARE AN ADAM'S NOW."

SHEER HAPPINESS SPREAD OVER CARLTON'S FACE. HE CLASPED THE DOCTOR'S HAND.

"THIS THE MONEY BROUGHT ME NO HAPPINESS, NOW I'M FOUND STRONG... HANDSOME! I'M WHAT LINDA WANTED NOW..."

"GO TO YOUR LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN, MERRILY BORN-BEEN-EVE... AND GOOD LUCK!"

CARLTON RAPIDLY FLEW TO LINDA'S APARTMENT...

LINDA: "I... WHERE'S LINDA STEWART?"

MOVED UPTOWN. HERE'S HER NEW ADDRESS!"

CARLTON RUSHED UPTOWN. LINDA'S NEW APARTMENT HOUSE WAS ONE OF THOSE LUXURIOUS NEW ONES. HE HAMMERED ON HER PENTHOUSE DOOR.

CARLTON: "LOOK, LINDA! I'M A COMPLETELY NEW MAN! IN THE WAY YOU WANTED ME! YOU'VE GOT TO MARRY ME NOW!"

LINDA LAUGHED...

"I NEVER WANTED YOU, CARLTON... EITHER WAY, YOUNG OR OLD! BUT I COULDN'T NO! TELL YOU THE TRUTH! AND I CAN'T MARRY YOU. I AM MARRIED."

"YOU'RE MARRIED?"

"BUT I AM."

THE OLD MAN DODDERED INTO THE SWAN LIVING ROOM, WITH CARLTON'S ARMS AND CARLTON'S LEGS AND CARLTON'S HEAD AND CARLTON'S BODY.

"THAT'S WHAT I WANTED, CARLTON! A MILLIONAIRE TO MARRY! I TRIED TO DISCOURAGE YOU... BECAUSE I KNEW YOU WERE POOR! LAST WEEK I FOUND MY MILLIONAIRE! THIS IS GEORGE BOOTH... MY HUSBAND!"

"GOOD LORD!"

"HELLO! NOW THERE'S A SIGHT, ER, SIGHT! A COMPLETELY WITCH LINDA ENDED UP MARRYING EVERYTHING CARLTON MADE IN THE VERY BEGINNING! HE COULD'VE SAVED HIMSELF THE TROUBLE, OH, WELL... THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GO TO PIECES OVER A JADE. WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE DAUL OF HORROR WITH MORE BLOOD-CURLING FIREBITE, TELL ME!"

"THEN, THIS IS THE OLD MATOR, REMINDERS YOU TO GIVE YOUR BONES FOR A RAINY DAY! IT'S EASIER TO DIE IN MATURE!"

CAR BURNING OIL?

Engineer's Discovery Stops it Quick!

Without A Cent For Mechanical Repairs!

If your car is using too much oil—if it is sluggish, hard to start, slow on pickup, lacks pep and power—you are paying good money for oil that's burning up in your engine instead of providing lubrication. Why? Because your engine is leaking. Triton has won a gap between piston and cylinder wall. Oil is pumping up into the combustion chamber, fueling your motor with carbon. Gas is exploding down through this gap, going to waste.

SAVE \$20 TO \$150 REPAIR BILL



Before you spend \$20.00 to \$150.00 for an engine overhaul, read how you can fix that leaky engine yourself in just a few minutes, without buying a single new part, without even taking your engine apart. It's almost as easy as squirting ketchup or stirring cream out of a can. Just add the answer to the mystery of a new, miracle lubricant called Power Seal. Then

the lubrication qualities of Triton, the "goosey" wonder oil, with the load-bearing properties of Vaseline, the marginal wear, whose particles expand under heat (up to 1000°) to fill almost any gap.

Just squeeze Power-Seal out of the tube into your engine's cylinders through the spark plug openings. It will spread over piston, piston rings and cylinder walls at your engine's rate and it will PLATE every surface with a smooth, shiny, metallic film that won't come off. No amount of pressure can squeeze it off. No amount of heat can break it down. It fills the cracks, scratches and scraggins caused by engine wear. It closes the gap between worn piston rings and cylinder walls as automatic self-expanding seal that keeps oil pressure, stops gas blow-by and reduces compression by more piston slippage, no more engine knock. You get more power, speed, mileage.

This pressure plating is self-lubricating too for Triton, the "goosey" metal lubricant, reduces friction as nothing else can. It is the only lubricant坚韧 enough to be used in U. S. atomic energy plants and jet engines. It never dries down, never leaves your engine dry. Even after your car has been standing for weeks, even in cold weather, you can run it as a fresh because the lubrication is in the metal itself. That's why you'll need amazingly little oil—just 1/2 qt. of Power-Seal costs thousands of more miles per quart.

TRY IT FREE!

You don't risk a penny. Triton promises that Power-Seal will make your car run like new. Put it in your engine on 30 days. If you are not getting better performance out of your car than you thought possible—if you have not stopped oil burning and have not increased gas mileage—recap the empty oil can and get your money back in full. Power-Seal is absolutely harmless, a cancer fighter that can't eat in any way. It can only protect and prolong your engine.



POWER SEAL MAKES WORK TAXI ENGINE RUN LIKE NEW
Here is the Triton engineer's measured figure showing the tremendous increase in compression obtained in a Tokyo taxi motor after fuel can be 90,000 miles. Just the POWER SEAL lubrication increased pep and power, reduced gas consumption, cut oil burning nearly 50%.

	Oil 1	Oil 2	Oil 3	Oil 4	Oil 5	Oil 6
BEFORE	90 lbs	90 lbs	100 lbs	90 lbs	90 lbs	100 lbs
AFTER	110 lbs					

BEST INVENTMENT WE EVER MADE, SAYS DRIVER-OWNER

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